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## Flowers.

Beautiful flowers! wherever ye bloom  
With your soft-tinted leaves and your fragrant perfume;  
Whether in Spring ye come from the ground,  
Or when Autumn scatters her dead leaves around;  
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,  
Beautiful flowers I love ye well.

Behold a young girl, in her mirthful play  
Laughing the hours of childhood away.  
The light winds are waving her sunny hair,  
And her voice is sweet in the silent air;  
While her feet are twining, from Summer bowers,  
With blooming wreaths of the beautiful flowers.

The scene is now changed, for years have flown;  
That gay laughing girl to a woman has grown;  
And the lover is there who fair would tell  
The secret their eyes have revealed too well;  
But flowers he plants in her snowy breast,  
And their eloquent leaves have his love confessed.

'Tis a faithful morn and fondly swells,  
A merry peal from the old church-bells.  
The white-robed bride is smiling now,  
'Neath a budding wreath of the orange-bough;  
And bright-eyed maidens around her strew  
Beautiful flowers of every hue.

There's a voice of sorrow—for time hath fled—  
A wife and a mother lie cold and dead;  
They've laid her to sleep in her death's rest;  
With a young babe clasped to her marble breast;  
And flowers are there, with their perfume of life,  
Decking the bed and the blossom in death.

In the green churchyard is a lonely spot,  
Where the joyous sunshine enters not;  
Deep in the gloom of the yew-tree shade,  
There is her home in the cold earth made,  
And over her still the sweet flowers bloom—  
They were near her in life, and forsake not her tomb.

Beautiful flowers! ye seem to be  
Linked in the fond ties of memory!  
Companions ye were of our childhood's day—  
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay;  
And barren and dear was this wide world of ours,  
Lacking the smile of the beautiful flowers!

Irish Times.

## THE HIDDEN CONTINENTAL.

The eventful year of 1778 was drawing to a close when Colonel Campbell, of the British army, landed near Savannah, and fell furiously on the Americans under General Howe. Howe's troops were in no condition to meet the enemy; an unsuccessful campaign in the Florida had enfeebled his men by disease, and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," he retreated up the river.

Of course, the then capital of Georgia fell into the hands of the enemy, who abused his triumph, and consigned his name to an unenviable fame.

There was a strong tory element in Savannah, which had been kept in check by the presence of the Continentals; but when the British marched into the city, it arose and asserted its strength. Houses were plundered, and a number of patriots layoneted in the streets. Neighbor rose against neighbor, and torres led a plundering soldiery to the homes of the patriots.

The Holly family that dwelt in Savannah at the time of its capture and sack consisted of three persons—the mother and two children. The father, a man of wealth and influence in Georgia, had died during the year that preceded the outbreaking of the war, and the home of his family was one of the finest residences in the city.

Miriam Holly, the oldest child, was a beautiful girl of nineteen, while her brother was five years her junior. If the father had lived, he might have proven a tory, for he was devotedly attached to the mother country, and when the king's troops took possession of the capital, Colonel Campbell commanded that the Holly's home should not be ransacked.

Thus the house escaped pillage, and Miriam hastened to thank the soldier for his kindness.

Colonel Campbell was struck by the girl's grace and remarkable loveliness, and detained her at his headquarters until he had learned her family history by many ardent questions.

"There goes the handsomest woman in Georgia!" cried Campbell, as the girl left the house.

His companion, who happened to be his chief of staff, looked after Miriam and remarked:

"I quite agree with the colonel. These American rebels are all beautiful."

Campbell was silent for a moment. "We will not occupy this building after to-morrow," he said suddenly.

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JUNE 28, 1876.

NO. 25.

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## The Virginia Mountaineer in the Revolution.

The Virginia mountaineer of the eighteenth century was one of the most picturesque and notable figures of the epoch. He or his father had turned his back on the tide-water settlements, and resolutely set out to penetrate that "debatable land" and "bloody grounds," the region west of the Blue Ridge, intent, like Cooper's Leatherstocking, on securing "more elbow room." The mountaineer was tall and stalwart, sparing of speech, entirely fearless, insured to hardship, of the race that extends civilization in new lands, preparing the way for others to enjoy what he wins from the wilderness and savage. His sole possessions often were a rifle and an ax. With the ax he felled trees and built his rude cabin in some gash of the Alleghenies on the farthest outpost of civilization. With this rifle he provided venison and bear meat, or defended wife and children from massacre by the savages. The story of these bloody combats, as we read it in the old provincial by Samuel Kercheval, is rich in romance, tragedy, and exhibition of the coolest courage. The mountaineer did not know the meaning of the word fear, and everything about him was in accord with his surroundings. He was liberal, open-hearted—as guileless and unsuspecting, indeed, as a child—but tougher manhood never dwelt in human breast. The fiber of his character easily stood any strain upon it, and he endured patiently and cheerfully all hardships. It was to this class of men that Washington looked, not to Craddock's "regulars," on the march to Fort Duquesne, in the bloody engagement there, as in the long arduous years of border war; and they formed the corps d'élite of the little Virginia army under General Andrew Lewis, which broke the power of the savage tribes in 1774 at the battle of Point Pleasant, on the Ohio. When the revolution began they appeared as "Morgan's Riflemen" in front of Boston, clad in fringed hunting-shirts, belts of wampum and moccasins, with "Liberty or Death" on their breasts, every man grasping his long rifle and they fought throughout the war with unflinching courage and endurance, from Quebec to Cowpens. —[John Estlin Cooke, in Harper's Magazine for June.

Bowling Green Democrat: A man (?) named David White, who lives about three miles from Allen Springs, lately beat his little daughter, aged twelve, so unmercifully that death ensued shortly after. White was planting corn in a field some distance from the house, and when dinner time arrived he told his daughter, who accompanied him, not to ride the horse, as the beast was tired. The child led the horse a short distance and then mounted him. White hereupon became enraged, and dragging her from her seat, beat her unmercifully. When the poor child arrived at the house she told the rest of the family what had happened. When her father learned this he threw her down, and despite her cries for mercy, kicked her in the region of the stomach until she became insensible. She died soon after. Her last words were: "My father killed me!"

The Mountain Echo publishes the following: Mr. James H. White, of Clay county, met with a very serious accident the other day by being mistaken for a turkey gobbler. He regarded himself so as to appear as nearly as possible like a turkey, and went into the kitchen to call up one of the man who happened to be passing near him mistook the mimic for an old turkey gobbler, and opened fire upon him with a pistol, shooting him through both hands. Mr. White, misunderstanding the purpose for which he was shot, endeavored to make his escape, when additional pistol shots were fired before the young man perceived his mistake.

In Georgia a sick negro believed that he had been bewitched by a woman neighbor, and a famous lecher said the only way to be cured was to cause a dog to drink a tablespoonful of the neighbor's blood. A son of the invalid, aided by two companions, undertook to get the blood. They entered the woman's house at night bound her in a chair, cut a gash in her arm, caught the blood in a pial, and gave it to the dog. The report does not describe the effect upon the dog.

Atlanta, Ga., has a one pound baby.

## A Merciful Mountain Lion.

It Captures a Child Carries it Five Miles, and Handles it With Care.

Last Wednesday several families of emigrants traveling to Oregon by wagon, camped for the night near Point of Rocks, a station on the Union Pacific, mountain division. In the dusk of the evening the children were at play a short distance from the wagon, when a piercing scream, proceeded from the bevy of juveniles, alarmed the camp, and called the men to the rescue. They were met by the affrighted youngsters, who said that one of their number, a two-year old girl had been carried off by an animal. From the description given by the children and the size and shape of the tracks, the beast was supposed to be a mountain lion. A diligent and exciting search for the child was kept up until midnight, but unsuccessfully. Meantime the mother of the child was raving in a most frenzied manner, rejecting all hope of the recovery of her offspring, and refusing to be comforted. At dawn, Thursday morning, the search was resumed. The tracks of the beast were traced a distance of five miles from the camp, when, owing to rocks, they became indistinct to be followed further. The search was continued, however, and, at one o'clock in the afternoon, one of the searching party found the child on the top of a huge upheaval of rocks, rising two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding sand plain. The child, nearly denuded of clothing, and with several ugly looking scratches about the face and breast, was lying on its back, perfectly quiet, and its eyes dozing under the sunlight. With the exception of the scratches, or claw-marks, the little thing was uninjured. When the infant was borne back to camp, at sight of its mother swooned, and on being restored to consciousness clasped her child in frenzied fondness, and insisted, for sometime that it was dead, notwithstanding that the rescued cherub was kicking, squalling, and squirming in a customary way. The blending of grief and gladness in the camp was highly pathetic if not a little picturesque. That the lion could have legged that baby five miles without severely injuring it, and left it high and dry on the lonesome ledge, seems almost incredible, but the above facts are reliably vouched for. The mountain lion is known to be very powerful, and this one appears to have tempered its strength with mercy, and simply kidnapped the infant without making a meal of it.—[Denver Times.

## Cobs and Their Uses.

As the corn cob contains less than one-half per cent. of albuminoids and nearly forty per cent. of crude fiber, it is clearly mistaken economy to grind it with the grain for feeding purposes. There is just one way to utilize the cob of the Indian corn. It is good for fuel, and the ash is an excellent manure. Though the total value resulting from the uses is not very large, it makes a very perceptible addition to the aggregate value of the yearly crop.

The weight of the cob averages about one-fifth the weight of the ear, or one-fourth the weight of the grain, while the ash of the cob is very nearly equal to three per cent. of its weight. Hence for every hundred bushels of cobs that farmers raise, the cobs are equivalent to fourteen hundred pounds of fuel, plus forty-two pounds of valuable manure.

In a larger view of the case, the annual corn crop of the country produces, in addition to the grain and stover, above seven million tons of fuel in the cobs, and two hundred and ten thousand tons of fertility in the ashes of the cob. If this twofold value of the cob is not realized by the farmer, it is not the fault of the cob, but the fault of the man.

A RATTLING BREAKFAST.—A Nashville paper gives an item about the queer occupant of a housekeeper's oven: "When Mrs. Reid went into her kitchen at Tracy City last Friday morning, her attention was attracted to the bake-oven by a rattling noise, and to her horror she beheld inside of it a monster rattlesnake. Of course she at once vacated the room. When the snake was killed it was found to have ten rattles. It is supposed to have crawled into the oven of the stove the night previous, and was satisfied to remain there to enjoy its warmth."

ILLINOIS has 2,000,000 cows and 200 cheese factories.

in their uniform for the world. Go, Marvin, and let every blow that you deliver be a blow for freedom!"

He said "good-by," as he stepped to the door; he bade the discomfited officers good-night in a sarcastic tone that made them wince, and then passed down the stair.

The officers' forced confinement was irksome to them and the minutes passed slowly away. By and by, Miriam Holly laid the pistol on the bed, and told the story of her lover's sickness. Campbell and his chief of staff listened with delight to her voice, forgetting that they were prisoners no longer.

When they at last went down the narrow stair, Miriam's eyes followed them, and her good-night, so full of triumph, made Campbell grate his teeth.

"She's beaten me!" he said to his brother-officer.

"I've lost the prize. We'll go back to the old quarters to-morrow."

He was as good as his word, and few persons ever learned why the colonel so hastily quit the Holly mansion and returned to his first quarters.

Captain Tempest escaped and returned to Savannah at the head of a regiment, when the British flag was lowered to a delivered nation.

Then he claimed a bride and everybody was made acquainted with the story of THE HIDDEN CONTINENTAL.

## Surface Dullness.

The wittiest and most able writers have been remarkable for their dullness in conversation. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the power of conversation. Mornmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after his interview, "I must go and read his tales, in recompense to myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the dramatist of France, he was so completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. The brilliant Charles II was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private citizen to Butler, its author. The witty King found its author to be a very dull companion, and was of the opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long since been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving even before a single stranger formal silence. In conversation Dante was taciturn and satirical, Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably dull in conversation, without a word of fancy or eloquence in his speech. Milton was unsocial and sarcastic when much pressed by strangers.

## Heroic Insurance.

An instance of remarkable self-control and presence of mind under sudden and intense suffering recently occurred in Belgium. Two workmen were employed at Ville-sur-Orthe, in fastening a lightning conductor, at the top of a steeple, 70 feet from the ground. One man stood at work upon the shoulders of the other, and a sudden gust of wind caused him to spill some molten lead which he was using. It fell upon the hand and arm of the other, and he had the nerve to stand still while the hot metal burned into his flesh. The slightest movement might have thrown the man on his shoulders to the ground. The hero who saved this life deserves to be recorded, and we print his name below, that if there be any emigrants in America who recognize it he may be proud of his countryman. To face danger deliberately for the safety of others is high courage. But to do this while suffering from intense pain, when physical nature instinctively flinches, shows a degree of fortitude as well as courage which well deserves to be called heroic. The name of this man of nerve and courage is M. A. Karis.

It is a fact of much significance that Japan has adopted the first day of the week, the Christian Sunday, as a day of rest.

A GEORGIA cow coughed up a grape-shot and no one could tell whether she was wounded during the war or swallowed the ball while grazing. Be that as it may, she acts like a different cow ever since resigning from the ordinance bureau.

"My brother," answered Miriam quickly. "I was with him until a late hour last night."

"And the night before?"

"Yes."

"Then I heard the sound of your voices, no doubt," said Colonel Campbell, glancing at the chief staff. Whose eyes, during the conversation, had been fastened on the girl's face.

Major Guilford had noticed every change of countenance, and when the twain had retired from the breakfast-table, he grasped his superior's arm.

"What do you say now, colonel?" he cried in triumph.

"I don't know what to say,—I"

"I watched her like a hawk, and I tell you that the girl is dissimulating. There is a rebel soldier in this house!"

Colonel Campbell looked at his major, but did not speak.

"I never did believe that she was a tory," continued Guilford. "She is one of the rankest rebels in Savannah. Why, colonel, so long as the Continental remains beneath this roof, you cannot succeed with her. He stands between you and Miriam Holly, so you see the line of your policy is clearly before you."

The British colonel started.

"I did not think of that!" he said.

"Major, we will solve the mystery of the sounds we heard last night."

"With me it is solved already," was the chief of staff's reply.

From that hour Miriam Holly was watched.

Her absence from the lower rooms was noted, and the colonel knew when she was not in her boudoir.

As the days waned, the hidden Continental improved, and at last he rose and donned his faded uniform.

"To-morrow night, if it be dark and stormy," Miriam said to him, while she polished his sword in the mellow light of the lamp. "I have the doctor's assistance, and the horse will not fail you. You know whither to ride, and before long this sword which Howe has missed will flash once more before the enemy."

Miriam Holly fancied that she was about to outwit the king's men. The Continental was ready for flight, and there were true friends who promised to help him beyond the city.

It was with delight that the girl hailed the great drops of rain that pattered on the panes of her window, when the darkness of the chosen night fell over the city like a pall. The thunder rolled about the houses, and now and then flashes of lightning revealed glimpses of the carnival of rain.

In the hidden room stood Captain Tempest, the shadow of his former self, but strong in the desire for liberty. He waited for Miriam, who came at last, and showed him rain drops on her.

"The elements are assisting us," she said joyfully. "The doctor is waiting, like a hero, under the elm, and he has the pass-word."

"Good! Are they asleep?"

"They retired two hours ago," said Miriam. "I am satisfied that the coast is clear."

Then the soldier picked up his sword with a pride that caused his eyes to flash, and Miriam was smiling upon him, when a voice made both start and hold their breath.

A step on the secret stair!

The twain exchanged startled glances, and the girl turned to the door, which opened suddenly and revealed the face of Colonel Campbell. Over his shoulders flashed the chief of staff's triumphant eyes.

This unexpected event threw the lovers off their guard, and as the British officers leaped into the room, with swords half-drawn, the highest in rank exclaimed:

"A rebel's nest! So, so! Surrender at once, or I will rob the rebel troops of one snaking officer!"

His last words were addressed to the Continental captain, whose answer was kept back by Miriam Holly's action.

Shrinking from the British officers, she reached the bed whereupon a pistol lay, and a moment later she held it tightly gripped in her hand.

"Gentlemen, it may be the king's cause that will lose this game," she said, addressing Colonel Campbell.

"You will sheathe your swords and obey me!"

Campbell and his chief of staff exchanged glances.

At Miriam's command they stepped from before the door, and she looked at her lover.

"You know the way," she said.

"These soldiers will not follow in their storm I will be responsible for their safety, for they wouldn't have a bullet

"I am going to take up my abode beneath the same roof that shelters Miriam Holly."

"Love at first sight, colonel," said the chief of the staff, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Is Lady Bonn so soon forgotten, my dear colonel?"

"Lady Bonn behaved!" cried Campbell. "A soldier loves when and whom he pleases, and besides, major, one is not obliged to marry these American girls because he loves them."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of an orderly, and was not resumed.

On the following day Colonel Campbell made Miriam Holly's home his headquarters.

The girl grew deathly pale when she learned of the sudden change, and said in a whisper to her mother:

"This is a terrible event. He is not fit to depart yet, nor will he be for a week to come."

"Miriam, I have been thinking that it might be policy for us to give him up to the army," replied Mrs. Holly.

"Give him up now?" cried the girl.

"Give him up and hear every tory in Savannah cry for his blood? No! I never discovered he shall remain where he is until he is able to escape!"

Miriam Holly spoke with much firmness, and tears stood in her mother's eyes when she opened her arms and received the daughter in her embrace.

"Forgive me, Miriam!" she cried.

"We must keep our secret from Colonel Campbell. He must not know who lies to-day beneath our roof."

So Miriam hastened from her mother's presence, and by touching a concealed spring in the wall of an unfinished room, revealed a narrow stairway. She at once mounted the steps and entered a very small apartment into which light streamed from a sky-window.

The room was tenanted. On a low cot lay a man in his twenties. His dark hair contrasted vividly with the deathly pallor of his face, and the suit of faded continental uniform, with a sword, that hung against the wall over the bed, told that he was an American soldier. A boy of fifteen who sat on the edge of the bed was reading aloud, but in a cautious tone, when the door opened to admit Miriam.

The invalid's face lit up with a smile when the fair girl came forward and took his fevered hand.

Then she told him about Colonel Campbell's change of quarters, and he listened without a question.

"Well," he said at last, "what are we going to do?"

"We are going to remain here till we get strong enough to leave the city," answered Miriam, with a smile, and even while she spoke a faint noise below told her that the British colonel was moving in his new quarters.

The continental was a captain in Howe's little army. He had served the colonies with a zeal surpassed by none who rallied round the cause of freedom; but disease had seized upon him in Florida, and he returned with the troops to Georgia to find asylum in Miriam Holly's home, and to be nursed by her through the long hours of his fever. The attending physician was a man who knew how to keep a secret, and as his sympathies were with the patriot cause, he gave Miriam many valuable hints that looked to the hidden soldier's health and future safety.

Colonel Campbell, bent on the conquest of the fair girl's heart, tried to make himself agreeable to the inmates of the mansion. Miriam took good care not to show him that his absence would be more desirable than his company, and the widow treated him with a courtesy that kept him aloof from suspicion for several days.

It was believed by the Tories of Savannah that a number of Continentals remained secreted in the city. Indeed, several had been discovered since its capture, and at the time of the commandant's change of quarters an active search for such persons was going on.

"Is this house haunted, Miss Miriam?" asked the colonel one morning at the breakfast-table.

The girl started at the abrupt question, and wondered if she turned pale.

"Haunted?" she echoed, with an effort. "The ghosts must be rats. Have you been visited by sheeted beings?"

"No, but after I had retired last night I heard a noise like the sound of distant voices. It seemed to be directly overhead, and I called my chief of staff. Who sleeps over my apartment, if you will permit so bold a question?"